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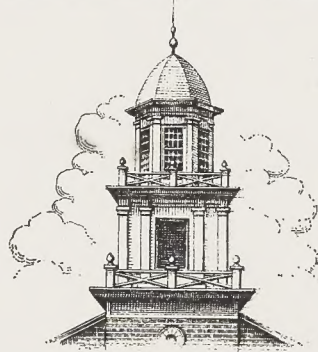
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1968

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS 1968

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, room and board) should be referred to Mr. Ross, Front Office Manager, at the INN DESK.

For details regarding the school, please make inquiry at the Director's Office. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Mr. Cubeta, Mr. Cabot and Miss Lillian Becker, Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your requests.

REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration for courses in advance must consult the Director.

Registration is not completed until a registration card, a "notify in case of accident" card, an Address List slip, and, in certain cases, an off-campus address card have been returned to the Secretary's Office. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Bursar's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 26. It is requested that all unpaid bills be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained in the Blue Parlor.

If you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before July 1. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another after July 1, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled should also obtain permission from the Director or Assistant Director.

OPENING NIGHT

The first meeting of the Bread Loaf School of English will be held June 26 in the Little Theater at 8:15 P.M. Dr. Stephen A. Freeman, Director of the Language Schools, will welcome students on behalf of Middlebury College. Mr. Cubeta will have some very green thoughts in a green shade. An informal reception will be held in the Barn following the meeting in the Little Theater.

MEAL HOURS

Daily

Breakfast 7:30-8:00 A.M.
Lunch 1:00-1:15 P.M.
Dinner 6:00-6:15 P.M.

Saturday + Sunday

Breakfast 8:00-8:30 A.M.
Dinner 1:00-1:15 P.M.
Supper 6:00-6:15 P.M.

Since all the waiters and waitresses are students, it is requested that students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on tables may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the Head Waiter to make exceptions to this regulation.

SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore, post cards at the Front Desk, and cigarettes at the Snack Bar. Credit cannot be extended.

BOOKSTORE

Students should purchase their texts immediately, because it is frequently necessary to order additional copies. It is not possible for students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore. The Bookstore is open on Registration Day.

BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

Stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests try to keep the road clear in front of the Inn. Faculty at Maple and students at Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn beside the road. All other students should use the parking space near the Barn.

BREAD LOAF 1968

DINING ROOM:

Dietician: Miss Lois Thorpe
Head Waiter: Mr. Robert Kauffman

Invitation: Sunday demi-tasse is served in the Blue Parlor after the noon meal.

MAIN DESK:

Mr. Richard Ross and Mrs. Hilde Ross, Front Office Managers
Messrs. Craig Storti and Ken Furey, Assistants

Weekdays and Saturday: 8:00 A.M.-8:00 P.M. (Switchboard open until 10)
Sunday: 9:00 A.M.-1:00 P.M.; 7:00-8:00 P.M.
(Switchboard open until 10:00)

POST OFFICE:

Open weekdays and Saturdays 8:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. Closed Sunday.
Outgoing mail should be posted by 8:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M.
Incoming mail is ready for distribution at 10:00 A.M. and 5:30 P.M.

LIBRARY:

Miss Ruth Pillsbury, Librarian; Miss Ara Golmon, Assistant

Weekdays: 8:15-12:45 P.M.; 2:00-5:00 P.M.; 7:15-10:00 P.M.

Saturday: 9:00-12:00 Noon; 2:00-4:00 P.M.

Sunday: 9:00-12:00 Noon; 7:15-10:00 P.M.

The library will be closed Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon, and during all special programs.

BOOKSTORE:

Mr. Ken Furey, Manager

Weekdays: 8:00-9:30 A.M.; 1:30-2:30 P.M.

Saturday: 9:00-10:00 A.M.

SNACK BAR:

Mr. Alan Moore; Misses Paula Scott and Catharine Morse

Daily: 8:30 A.M.-6:00 P.M. 6:30 P.M.-11:00 P.M.

CLINIC:

Mrs. Charles Paine, Nurse. Infirmary in Room 2, Birch.

Weekdays: 8:00-8:30 A.M.; 1:45-2:15 P.M.; 6:45-7:15 P.M.

Saturday: 8:30-9:00 A.M.; 1:45-2:15 P.M.; 6:45-7:15 P.M.

Sunday: 8:30-9:00 A.M.; 2:00-2:30 P.M.; 6:45-7:15 P.M.

Emergencies will, of course, be attended to at any time.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE:

Mr. Cubeta and Mr. Cabot will be on call at all times. Appointments may be made through Miss Becker.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE:

Miss Lillian Becker; Mrs. Kay Bennett

Weekdays: 8:15 A.M.-12:30 P.M.; 1:45-2:45 P.M.

Saturday: 8:30 A.M.-12:30 P.M.

TAXI:

Trips are made Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. The charge is one dollar round trip, payable at start.

Leave Bread Loaf Inn at 1:45 P.M.; arrive at Middlebury 2:05 P.M.

Leave Middlebury from Rexall Drug Store at 3:45 P.M.; arrive at Bread Loaf at 4:05 P.M.

The taxi will leave both stations at the above times and cannot wait for stragglers.

DRY CLEANING AND LAUNDRY:

Information available later this week.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH:

Telegrams: Information available later this week.

Telephone Calls: Pay stations for outgoing calls are on the first floor of the Inn at the foot of the stairs near the Bookstore, and outdoors behind the Fire House.

Incoming calls for Bread Loaf residents are handled through the Middlebury exchange: 802 388-7946.

EXCEPT IN AN EMERGENCY, PLEASE HAVE INCOMING CALLS PLACED BEFORE 10:00 P.M., AT WHICH TIME THE SWITCHBOARD CLOSES. Students should check mail boxes several times daily for messages and notices of calls, especially around meal times.

STUDENTS WHO ARE TO BE AWAY SHOULD INFORM THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL OR THE MAIN DESK AND LEAVE AN ADDRESS OR TELEPHONE NUMBER WHERE THEY CAN BE REACHED.

Very Green Thoughts in a Green Shade

Opening Address

Bread Loaf School of English

Paul M. Cubeta

June 26, 1968

Colleagues all, we begin with great relief, panic-button-wise, and for the forty-ninth time. Never have I heard so many Bread Loafers say, "I'm so glad to be back. How great to be here." But the question I've mulled over more than once this uncomfortable spring is: How can we truly justify our being here? This is not a directorial put-on, the opening rhetorical gambit. For many lovers of this mountain campus the answer this spring has been: I just can't. The luxury of pursuing one's own academic career in our pastoral sanctuary has not been possible for everyone when in conscience confronted by the moral urgencies of Vista, Upward Bound, Head Start, A.I.D., or less structured obligations to the children of ghetto and slum or, alas, when confronted by international commitments made for more than a few of our men, quite apart from conscience indeed.

This evening I shall try to stumble toward a stance which will at least hold me erect this summer, for I'd like to believe that our journey to Bread Loaf from metropolitan center, suburban and rural community, from three-quarters of the states and from Canada, England, Spain, Japan, and the Philippines is a journey of conscious engagement, not of joyous escape. Since the Bread Loaf School of English is a part of the only graduate school in the country where one can earn a master's degree through coherently designed and sustaining summer programs, it seems appropriate that, in an effort to attain an arch of continuity from last summer to this, I take last year's last words as the end where I begin.

The last voice we heard on this stage as the curtain was drawn on another lively and compelling theatre season was that of Robert Bolt's Common Man. We had just witnessed the violent execution of Sir Thomas More, a man for all seasons, and then the Common Man poked through the curtains in a dim half-light with a reassuring message to live by this past year:

I'm breathing. Are you breathing, too? It's nice, isn't it? It isn't difficult to keep alive, friends-- just don't make trouble--or if you must make trouble, make the sort of trouble that's expected. Well, I don't need to tell you that. Good night, friends. If we should bump into one another, recognize me.

Although his is one friendship I should prefer not to acknowledge, Common Man was looking directly at me when he said, "Good night." But this cruel spring has martyred into silence voices for humanity closer than Sir Thomas More. In his recent book To Seek a Newer World Robert Kennedy wrote: "Moral courage is a rarer commodity than bravery in battle or great intelligence. Yet it is the one essential, vital quality for those seeking to change a world that yields most painfully to change." I think I know now what Yeats meant when he said, "...but a thought/ of that late death took all my heart for speech." But if we as teachers and humanists fail to convince our students of the absolute necessity that their public actions be taken with the moral courage to accept this consequence of action, then, as Kennedy mused in a darker moment, perhaps we are all doomed.

Odor of blood when Christ was slain
Made all Platonic tolerance vain
And vain all Doric discipline.

More than half of our faculty come to this sylvan retreat tonight from campuses convulsed by forces unleashed without care or concern for consequence. In the name of action their great campuses have disintegrated into inactivity: San Francisco State, Stanford, Columbia. Even Princeton

managed at least a genteely respectable protest against allegedly the noblest cause of all--the overthrow of the Board of Trustees. I struggle with difficulty for an ironic perspective, for structures on which I have built my professional life seem now illusory and can be shattered at any time either by malevolent design or cynical caprice--a testing to see what disruption can bring down. The answer is of course everything. And if it does, there will be no king's horses and no king's men to put our academic humpty dumpty back together again.

And yet it is too facile to proffer all our sympathetic pieties to humpty dumpty because we deplore the messy scramble and the egg shells. Some of our egg-head humpty dumpties--whether they be college administrators, school boards or prep school faculties--have sat too long upon their comfortable walls ever to hatch and, now cracked at last, they give off the unmistakable reek of sulphuric dioxide. I shall not lament with those who wail, "If Grayson Kirk goes, who but God can save Nathan Pusey?" (Who, after all, but God has ever saved Nathan Pusey?) I repudiate the violent and intemperate vulgarity of our militant pacifists and their misdirected virile thrust of "Up against the wall, Mom." But I fear within me even more the craven cowardice and cynical smugness of Bolt's Common Man. I was, however, momentarily sustained one dark, rainy spring day (have there been any other kind?)--Middlebury's time of protest and picket and placard--when I discovered in front of my deanly den of iniquity, called with outrageous hypocrisy Old Chapel, tacked upon a tree a soggy card with these lines written in running red from Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida:

The curse of mankind, folly and
ignorance, be thine in great revenue.

Not every administrator of an academic waxworks can be privileged to be cursed with this sophisticated eloquence. For such denunciation I gladly

yield my office.

I take deeper consolation, however, in other of last summer's last words--those of a most uncommon man whose wise saws and modern instances at our last Commencement encourage me to the attitudes I should attempt. The envy of all his Bread Loaf colleagues, Martin Price sits here tonight securely assured that he alone need not fear that dread accolade of this graduating class: election as its Commencement speaker. Mr. Price used as his allegedly unlovely metaphor his own forty-seven years to illustrate the stance of the comic actor to which he aspires: "a grace taught by necessity, a discipline of walking upon less than solid ground." Now it is possible that Mr. Price has since then solved the comic predicament of being forty-seven more effortlessly than he may have wished to. But the comic posture of living by illusion and of projecting a precarious role, not quite believed in, aims at "an inclusive vision, wary but generous, ready to step back or aside, to take a plunge or even a leap." It is a role which I much admire and wish perhaps ambitiously and prematurely to emulate on this every special mountain for which I bear responsibility.

At a time when many of our students and their contemporaries suspect both the academic and political systems of my generation for stultifying them, exploiting the poor, repressing blacks, and vulgarizing American life, the values and experience of Bread Loaf need a special cherishing. But at a time when older and conventional ideologies are felt to be exhausted or irrelevant, when muddy degradation is mirrored in the reelecting pools of our Capitol and our cities, neither renewed nor resurrected, wait for this summer's heat, it is not enough for the Bread Loaf bulletin to entice us merely to "the pleasant coolness of a wooded mountain bowl" as though we were to be tossed into a refreshing vegetable salad.

I recognize that a little community hidden away in the Green Mountains is not going to transform the academic world or the nation. Our efforts are surely pathetically insignificant if judged from the viewpoint of the total American academic establishment. Bread Loaf has often been treated by the educational bureaucracy with gentle condescension as a well-intentioned, harmless anachronism: You don't find graduate schools packaged with labels like Bread Loaf much any more. Yet Bread Loaf for half a century now has been quietly committed to those very principles which our young activists at frightful cost are demanding as the essence of every educational experience. Our administrative bureaucracy is so non-existent as to be simple-minded: if Cubeta won't, Cabot will. Take your compliments to Cubeta and your complaints to Cabot. The Bread Loaf faculty meets together every day, but no colleague has ever attended a faculty meeting here in forty-eight years. No one can charge us with selling out to the cinder block or to a commercial technology which we believe contaminates our lives except when we are exploiting it. Bread Loaf's achievements are not, however, reveling in obsolescence: we have replaced nine chair covers, three potbellied stoves, and the 1875 vintage bathtubs in Cherry and Brandybrook. The Mountain affirms a simplicity, a naturalness, a trust and as for voluntary poverty--well, you've seen your rooms. Bread Loaf attempts to bridge the traditional gulf between principle and practice, between knowledge and experience, even between myth and reality. Demand, protest and outrage seem rather irrelevant when staff and students bread bread together. Freedom at Bread Loaf has always been assumed as a right, a privilege and a responsibility, as perishable and precious as love. The School has had parietal hours before I figured out whether they meant with women or without or discovered they mean neither. Changes are possible here without the

destruction that follows upon irreconcilable confrontation and without sit-in, be-in, sleep-in, mill-in or done-in; we prefer just Bread Loaf Inn. It's all student power. Students here largely shape the curriculum. They determine whether a Bread Loaf faculty member is offered reappointment--and that's the easiest judgment any sensible student ever had to make. The administration in this dean-less School yields on social issues without anyone's going to the barricades: witness the effortlessness with which Herman George will convert our fifty-year tradition of coat and tie at evening meal into an archaic euphemism for turtle-neck and love beads. Assigned seating too. Let it all go.

The confidence the School places in its students is evidenced in its experimental Independent Winter Study Program and in the new Independent Projects in Theatre, but why be liberated from the teacher with a faculty like Bread Loaf's? The School is proud to be one of the first graduate schools to establish a course in the Negro in American literature, the first course this session to reach a closed enrollment and one of the largest--a tribute to Mr. Levin's perception and high competence. Mr. Holland's foresight in creating his "Revolution and Reform in American Fiction" presaged one of our most urgent educational and national concerns this year. And even one so piously titled "The Ancient Novel" is actually known throughout the international underground as Miss Bacon's Pornography, liberated, swinging, turned-on, nothing up-tight, dionysus-wise. Becky will be available for last minute changes in registration. And although Mr. Volkert will teach a play, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, that did not even exist when last we met, Mr. Anderson will offer a course in Chaucer which affirms with unmistakable authority "the firm belief that although the works under consideration are now almost 600 years old, they have as much to offer the mature reader today

as they had when they were originally written." To which twenty-seven years of Bread Loafers would add: "and with George Anderson, more." This is the true joy of Bread Loaf's offering: a dedicated faculty and an extraordinary program of literary studies. The critical introspection, the sustaining continuity, the human insights afforded by literary art must be our response to students who in their passion for speed and style, action and involvement, challenge the validity and timelessness of the humanities and cast into question the accrued wisdom of the past.

As I fretted this spring about Bread Loaf's contribution to a nation confronting the turmoil of Memphis, the anguish of Columbia, the humiliation of Washington, the horror of Los Angeles and seemingly finding peace only at Arlington, I came to recognize that my impotence and futility have been shared by many twentieth-century writers who have brooded over what their art could do in a world they could neither control nor understand. The writer today, like everyone else, faces a world split and darkened by ideological, political, and social conflicts and their consequent violence and bloodshed: old patterns of knowledge transformed, the liberal humanism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries alien and obsolete. Our best writers of this century--Joyce, Eliot, Yeats, Faulkner, Camus--have been intensely unhappy in a decaying civilization; they rebel against it and despair of it: "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold."

After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience.

But those of us who fear for the destiny of the nation and are humiliated by our inadequacy as educators to count may in part be sustained by the recognition brought to us in literature that other men and women have suffered grief and been tormented by despair, have had the same

longings and rebellion, the same releases into laughter, the same collapses into indifference and cowardice.

Perhaps a summer's perspective at Bread Loaf away from the terrible urgency of events can bring us closer to the literary artist who affords us a renewed outlook because he can remove the things of this life from the world of doing to the world of being, where they do not change and where we can contemplate them instead of taking part in them. The world a writer creates is a kind of Utopia, where every part is individually alive and simultaneously functioning in a vital, organic pattern: "O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,/ How can we know the dancer from the dance?" It is not subject to time or change or chance because, though it seems so real and immediate, it is only an image-world, created by the image-making faculty, the imagination, and existing only in its own medium. The novelist, E. M. Forster, affirms it better than I ever could in this familiar passage:

A work of art is unique not because it is clever or noble or beautiful or enlightened or original or sincere or idealistic or useful or educative--but because it is the only material object in the universe which may possess internal harmony. All the others have been pressed into shape from outside, and when the mould is removed, they collapse. A work of art stands up by itself and nothing else does. . . .Ancient Athens made a mess--but the Antigone stands up. Renaissance Rome made a mess--but the ceiling of the Sistine got painted. James I made a mess--but there was [Coriolanus.]

And no matter what else Lyndon B. Johnson makes, there is always the possibility that one of our students will be the writer who gives our age its monument of eternity, for literature is the one orderly product our age can produce. It is the best witness we can give of our dignity, even in this hour of crisis. A modest claim for literary art perhaps, but a profound one. We have to leave final answers and moral certainties to the theologians and the politicians, and all the woods except ours are full of both these days. The writer is involved

in moral questions as an artist, not as a moralist. He attempts to create his own construct of reality from the essential richness of inspiration.

As Elizabeth Drew once said in a memorable address at Bread Loaf, man's art stands, in matter and manner, in form and content, as an indestructible proof, not only that man suffers and endures and renews himself, but also that he can create cosmos from chaos, and bring into being at least "a momentary stay against confusion." Momentary perhaps, for the maker himself, and for his individual readers, but nevertheless immortal, as generation after generation shares it. Literature--and not only the greatest literature--contains all the affirmations of the human race to put in balance against our present despairs. And in our own literature, as the Bread Loaf program reminds us, we possess nearly three thousand years of this tradition, a tradition in which all things are mirrored: mess and muddle and horror--patience and courage and love.

It is precisely this complex and ambivalent pattern of emotions that our incredibly ambitious theatre program--for which Eric Volkert and Bill Sharp deserve our active support--offers here this summer: Shakespeare's Coriolanus and Stanislaw Witkiewicz's The Crazy Locomotive, written in 1923 but never before produced in America. And how many productions of Coriolanus have you seen? Both plays come out of worlds as violent and polarized as ours, but both comment upon them. Neither blinks for a moment at horror and brutality although neither attempts to achieve Mr. Price's final comic poise. In Coriolanus, a tragedy where only "action is eloquence," the feeble voices of calm reasonableness, of peace and moderation are lost to "tiger-footed rage." Affirming the virtue of self-control, Coriolanus chokes in suffocating rage, "Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!" and storms off to confront the mutable, rank-scented many he despises. Language, reeking of hypocrisy, is debased

into curses, growls, mindless mob echoes, and finally degenerates into the stinking breath of garlic-eaters. Coriolanus is assassinated by a pitiless gang of conspirators as another mob screams in blood lust, "Tear him to pieces," and the last words he hears is the horrifying chant: "Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him." Aufidius, his other self, stands in ugly, contemptuous triumph on the stiffening body, to articulate his reasons and his rage. This is the moment in which the Shakespearean tragic vision dies, for the Second Lord's response--"Let's make the best of it"--returns us to Bolt's Common Man and "I'm breathing. . . .It isn't difficult to keep alive, friends--just don't make trouble." And on that, the Bread Loaf audience will prepare to return home.

Witkiewicz's play launches a bizarre assault upon an Establishment gone quite mad. The sanest thing in it is the crazy locomotive. The drama is absurd, the laughter hysterical. As some very eccentric lovers attempt to sort themselves out for a climactic death of high romance, the unheroine shrieks, "We'll die together! There'll be nothing left of us but glue!" and the stage directions read: "A terrible crash and din is heard. Steam covers everything, as the train engine bursts into fragments." To which the playwright appends this footnote: "I have seen an explosion like this and the collapse of a building in Bjornson's play, Beyond Human Power (at the Cracow Theatre.) I know that it is feasible from the technical point of view." Maybe so, but I'm still grateful for the human power and ingenuity of Doug Maddox, Herman George, and our Theatre Assistants, Janet Buss, Johnstone Campbell, Dick Geldard, and Chad Martin. Apocalypse, cataclysm and Armageddon--all on this stage. I suggest you attend opening night. Three nights? As the curtain falls, the world reorders itself and establishes new priorities: "Justice first, then the wounded, and the mentally ill last of all, because there's absolutely nothing we can do to help them." And perhaps after this fall's

election that's where next year's opening address will begin.

Both of our Bread Loaf plays speak with peculiar urgency to the slippery turns of our own national crisis, perhaps because both seem to derive with compelling power from the dramatists' own societies--the turbulent decay of Jacobean England and the convulsive torment of Poland between the wars. The degraded body of Shakespeare's lonely dragon stomped into the floor of the stage and the debris of the wrecked engine as Witkiewicz's set blows apart symbolize the extreme limits to which tragedy, theatre of violence, theatre of the absurd can be taken on this or any stage. Witkiewicz, despairing as his country was devoured by Germany and Russia, unable to transmute the chaotic collapse of his world into new dramatic forms, violently ended his life in September 1939. Shakespeare, on the other hand, turned from Coriolanus' nightmare world of brutality and total alienation to the genre of comic romance and pastoral to attain his final view of his world and art.

I should like to suggest as a proper Bread Loaf perspective for this troubled summer Shakespeare's final stance in The Tempest. Our Bread Loaf groves of Academe and Arcadia are as near as most of us can ever approach to that ideal green world of comedy. And with beautiful people like you, who needs weather? One of my favorite pastimes is reading Bread Loaf exam questions I couldn't answer, and last year I was particularly drawn to this one, the last of my last summer's remembrances: "In many comic works characters may withdraw from society into a 'green world,' a place of fertility and fulfillment, an enclave of secure enjoyment. This may be a place, real or mythical, or it may be a recess of the mind." And tonight marks the first time in American education that a college administrator used an old exam question to give integrity to the banalities of his address. You know the usual rhetorical pitch: "As Clark Kerr once said, poor man," or "As Grayson Kirk. . ."--

you're putting me on--. Here at Bread Loaf the strategy is: "As one instructor at Bread Loaf so brilliantly turned it on an old exam with the genial whimsy of one who describes life at Bread Loaf as though it were art when he knows perfectly well that it is. . . ." I reach the ultimate absurdity talking about the need for a comic vision for our green mountain as I stand before Wylie Sypher, whose book on Comedy is as close to its classic statement as our age will produce, and Martin Price, whose course in Comedy is one of Bread Loaf's liveliest, and Bob Pack, whose art is evergreen and whose modern poetry course in Nature and Paradise would have kept even Eve on the farm, and Ted Tayler, whose superb book on pastoral is the reason he's here--I'm mean, he really believes "nature's above art in that respect."

Led then by the greatest pack of Eden lovers ever assembled on one faculty, we have journeyed today, I hope with lessening regret, from the real world into our "enclave of secure enjoyment," where we now prepare for a metamorphosis that will achieve a triumph of life and love over the wasteland to which, restored, we must return. This was Prospero's journey in The Tempest, and it is his final vision--and Shakespeare's--which I believe can help us in our re-encounters with our own Milans.

Perhaps like this Bread Loaf summer, The Tempest is a moment out of time reflecting upon time and change. Shakespeare's island, in which time does not really exist, turns always back toward the sea which ebbs and flows about it and toward the society which lies in wait beyond it. A world without time is a construct of the comic imagination, an impossible world, an insubstantial pageant that must fade and leave not a rack behind. Through the expanse of Prospero's magic, The Tempest affords us a multiplicity of pastoral worlds: Gonzalo's utopian commonwealth, where all things "should bring forth/ Of its own kind, all

foison, all abundance,/ To feed his innocent people; Caliban's kingdom, where crabapples, pignuts, clustering filberts grow in natural abundance; Juno's majestic ballet of temperate nymphs and sunburnt sicklemen making holiday in country footing. Nonetheless, the vision of the play neither shuns the finality of the grave, nor does it embrace the grave. It does not deny the possibility of seeking a brave and newer world, but it shows that stasis is never achieved, that even what is not human yearns for a kind of freedom, that the dance breaks in a strange, hollow and confused noise, that the banquet invitingly served to marvelous sweet music vanishes with a quaint device, that Caliban's dream of a heavenly opulence ready to drop upon him ends in unfulfilled awakening, that the charmed circle dissolves apace, that even the chess game of young lovers is broken off in a wrangle and an intrusion.

Ferdinand and Miranda may as a bridal couple be given a vision of a higher reality in a masque where nymphs and reapers meet, where sea and land, divine and human, male and female, spring and summer, seed time and harvest, virginity and fertility join in an orderly reconciliation of irreconcilable tensions. Life and art, music and drama may be suspended in delicate balance, but the dance, though born upon that still point, must go finally past the island toward a home where dancing begins and ends, where people are bent with cramps that grind their joints, where the possibility for brutality and hatred is a threatening reality.

Ferdinand may pray--"Let me live here ever,/ So rare a wonder'd father and a wife/ Makes this place Paradise," but his wish remains unfulfilled. One must risk the dangers of the sea, although one hopes for calm seas and prosperous voyage. Arcadia is a frail place for beauty and grace; it is subject to storms, invasion, murder and the ravaging of a peaceful land--at least by mosquitoes and noseecums. Enrollments in Eden were

long ago closed. The temptation is to believe it otherwise as Prospero for one moment at his play becomes so absorbed in the illusion that he forgets the foul conspiracy against his life. His dream nearly fulfilled, he once again overlooks the presence of evil and, "rapt in secret studies," comes dangerously close to again "neglecting worldly ends," the mistake that cost him his dukedom twelve years earlier.

In The Tempest the vision of love is returned, its grace intact, to the world of affairs where it must be tried out. If Prospero shares an aspect of divinity, it is as a creator who planted the tree of knowledge and of death in the garden's midst, knowing that the eating of the fruit was inevitable. For what Prospero acknowledges is that to live in time is to be unsatisfied, and that everything that is born is born to dying. Yet Prospero, "For the liberal arts/ Without a parallel," is more an Orpheus figure than a god; his is the symbolic power of the great artist who through his disciplined art can impose his imperfect will on the order of fallen nature. Unlike Orpheus, who succumbs to the temptation to look back in love at Eurydice, Prospero does not finally yield to his passion in a moment of youthful impetuosity, an act that for Orpheus destroys love and finally consumes music and artist.

Prospero is an Orpheus returned to the living with Eurydice. Yet his life past the island's reach is not of so great consequence as his legacy to these friends and lovers--and former adversaries--gathered about him in a magic circle. Having broken his staff and buried his book, having told his story to those he has touched in magic, he wills forgiveness in the face of what might have been temptation and acknowledges grace in the place of magic:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. . . .

He has attained through discipline the moral control which comes through love and makes self-knowledge possible.

The green world where Prospero has lived in the space of the play is a rarefied reflection of his social and political dukedom. It is not a paradise nor a utopia, but a land where magic searches always for healing reconciliation. It does not deny potential assassins nor hate, greed, ambition, and vengeance, just as it does not exclude the hope of love, just as it cannot obliterate the thought of death. In many ways it is a garden of creative potentiality, for in it human passions are not resolved, but held in stasis. The sword is raised in anger but is frozen in air. Schemes of assassinations are plotted but evaporate with a strange drowsiness. Revenge is contemplated but yields to compassion. Marriage is proposed but not consummated.

Once Caliban recognizes the drunkenness of his masters, once Ariel achieves his liberty, once Ferdinand declares his love, once Prospero acknowledges the necessity of forgiveness, The Tempest must end; life must fulfill itself on the other side of the sea. A green world is a beautiful work of the imagination. But the imagination must project itself always outward into the working of a society which fails of its highest hopes, a community of political intrigue, fraternal rivalry and misused power, Coriolanus' kind of world--and ours--where "humanity may prey upon itself."

In his created bower of bliss, Prospero has had absolute power and therefore a kind of absolute freedom:

I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth.
By my so potent act.

It is Prospero's worst moment, this arrogant speech of self-regard, which momentarily forgets the stance of comic detachment that Mr. Price rightly affirms. Prospero's posturing is too easy; he may not even tell it like it is. His inflated rhetoric lacks the humane but critical double perspective that laughter affords. I can brag as much, playing god-director in my green world:

Pines and cedars are sprayed, pets denied at my bidding.
My unintelligible movies set roaring war amongst the faculty;
To the dread rattling thunder are my picnics held
To the punch bowl have I given fire
And showers for waking Cherry sleepers
Who rooms with whom by my so potent act
And everywhere are found my sticky fingers.

To which the true gods of this mountain reverberate: but thou canst not from the menu remove the New England boiled dinner.

Prospero too comes to recognize the limits within which action is possible--a lesson which the lovers learn at their chess game, mirroring back in microcosm the ordered and disciplined art of Prospero. Here at the chess board the combative energies of rival powers meet, not in too-familiar bruising confrontation, but in the happy reconciliation of a ritual dance of the intellect. On the board lie countless centuries of political history transformed into art, as Prospero has tried by his noble reason to give a moral order to the violence of contemporary historical events. The chessboard is his green world; there is the hope that it will be the lovers' Naples. If the chessboard raises history to art in the joy of the game, it also reduces the play to a square foot of stage. And then the curtain is drawn back and the inner circle breaks; time and history begin again, and the lovers move with touching poignancy from their beautiful idyll to join parents and society, "a most high miracle."

Prospero's re-encounter with this troubled world of uncertainty

and pain began when he willed the tempest: "'Tis time." As the sea-wracked characters, spoilers without purpose, begin to move and plot upon his island, they bring with them time and change and signal an end to Prospero's imaginative comic vision. Once on the island, they must be coped with. And because they cannot be absorbed, because this is not a brave new world, but rather a place of the mind's making in which a man might find himself "when no man was his own," the world must fall. When Prospero removes his magic academic robes, a dream dissolves, and the waking journey begins.

For Prospero the return home is not easily made, for every third thought is of his grave. Though he has manufactured and enjoyed his green idyll for years and though nothing prevents him from retaining it, he moves out of the fifth act back to the first. With the wisdom of the old Yeats in "The Circus Animals' Desertion" he climbs slowly down his mountain:

Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

Like the old Shakespeare he has done what art can do; he has held his mirror up to nature. Now he gives his art back to nature. "Sir, I am vexed;/ Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled/ Be not disturbed with my infirmity." This is a voice of a man who has given away much and is left with very little.

In the epilogue the magic circle of Shakespeare's comic art slowly dissolves--perhaps for the last time. The actor who had been Prospero steps forward. As a man he asks only that he be freed from the artistic discipline of performing one of the most demanding roles in Shakespearean drama. "Let your indulgence set me free," he pleads; I want to go back home. In our ritual gesture of applause we, the audience, end the play by assuming the role of Prospero even as the actor asks to be freed

from it, for our act frees him as he did Ariel. The illusion is broken. The cave is shuttered closed. The green world is bare. The revels now are ended.

I have seen Bread Loaf in September, and I have come to believe that perhaps the Mountain itself is only a metaphor for a comic vision, only an act of the imagination--"a momentary stay against confusion," a still point where one may find his balance. After all, Bread Loaf comes to life only when we arrive and, except for a brief late August satyr dance, it dissolves with our going to live until next summer only in our memories. But during the six weeks that are ours we have an opportunity to recover temporarily what many believe has been irretrievably lost for our age:

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness. . .
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

You will find Bread Loaf a postlapsarian paradise marvelously free of dainty devices, for your academic bread will be earned in "the sweat of thy face" but in a garden where, I hope, our dreams will meet.
And if they do,

Then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1968
General Statistics

<u>Student attendance by states:</u> (according to winter address)		Total student attendance	206
		Men students	105
		Women students	101
		Former students	144
		New students	62
		Candidates for Mid. M. A.	171
		Pre-1964 B.A. or B.S.	123
		1964 and later B.A. or B.S.	81
		Undergraduates	1
		Number of colleges represented	137
		Off-campus students	56
		Scholarship students	17
		1968 degree candidates	43
		Prospective 1969 degree candidates	34
		Average age of students	31
		Median age of students	29
		21-25 -	44
		26-30 -	79
		31-35 -	31
		36-40 -	22
		41-50 -	19
		50 or more -	11
(32 states & D. C. represented)		Private school teachers	59
Working for 9 credits	19	Public school teachers	85
" " 6 credits	177	College (and j.c.) teachers	23
" " 3 credits	3	Other	39
Auditors	7		
Number of course changes made	47		

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1968
General Statistics

Attendance by courses:

Modern Literary Criticism	14
Experiments in the Writing of Poetry	17
Scene and Lighting Design for the Theatre	5
Romantic Poets	37
Yeats' Poetry	15
Chaucer	26
The Heroic in Shakespeare's Greek and Roman Plays	15
Milton	9
Swift and Pope	24
The Novel and Techniques of Persuasion	27
Elizabethan and Jacobean Plays in Production	16
The English Novel from Defoe to Austen	7
The Lyric, 1500-1650	12
Modern Poetry	32
Modern Drama	26
The Portrayal of Europe in American Lit.	15
Greek Tragedy	26
Forms of Comedy	15
The Ancient Novel	11
Faulkner	15
The Portrayal of Negroes in American Lit.	28
Revolution and Reform in American Fiction	13

Total faculty load:

Sypher	51	Price	39	Volkert	33	Anderson	26
Pack	49	Bacon	37	Dorius	30	Sharp	19
Levin	43	Gray	34	Holland	28	Taylor	21
						Maddox	5

Independent Honors Reading Program at the Bread Loaf School of English

We are pleased to announce the continuation of an Independent Honors Reading Program as another dimension of the academic program at the Bread Loaf School of English.

In 1967 the School established, as an optional alternative to transfer credits, an Independent Honors Reading Program, which is open to a limited number of highly qualified students. During the period in which a student is proceeding for the degree, the program can amount to the equivalent of no more than one summer's residence; that is, a maximum of two Reading Programs in different years is permitted for the degree. No student can engage in a Program unless he has already established a strong record at Bread Loaf.

Under this Program a student prepares himself in some area of English, American, or classical literature by independent reading during the academic year. Before the fifth week of the previous summer, the reading is decided upon after consultation with, and subject to the approval of, the Director and an appropriate member of the Bread Loaf faculty. Complete instructions for the Program are stated and clarified at that time. The student should have taken a course at Bread Loaf in the area of his proposed program. He must have demonstrated his competence to handle the work independently by securing a grade of 90 or higher in that course and be recommended by his instructor as properly qualified for this Independent Honors Reading Program. During the academic year the student will undertake the Reading Program independent of faculty assistance. The work is in no way a directed or guided study program. Students who cannot continue independent of correspondence with the Director, the Assistant Director, or the faculty will have to discontinue the Program.

Independent Honors Reading Program - 2

Upon his arrival at Bread Loaf the subsequent summer, the student is given a three-hour examination and a one-hour oral examination conducted by at least two members of the Bread Loaf faculty during the first week of the session. Examinations are prepared by a member of the Bread Loaf faculty competent in the area of the student's reading and in accordance with the design agreed upon in the previous summer. A student may, at his option, substitute a long essay for the examination.

Successful completion of the work is evaluated as a Bread Loaf course of three credits. The Program will be graded on a Pass/Fail basis.

The Program is limited to certain areas of the curriculum. Students should not attempt Independent Reading in Theater Arts, Creative Writing, teaching methods, the History of the English Language, and the like. The Program is clearly workable for advanced study in individual authors, literary genres or themes, or periods where a student has had prior training and has demonstrated the high competence necessary to proceed in an Independent Honors Reading Program.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Prospective 1968 Seniors

Aldrich, Edward Ralph

Baker, Jean Babette

Behr, Eugene Thomas

Blagdon, Crawford, Jr.

Carroll, Jane

Coale, Virginia

Coe, Barbara Wall

Coughlin, James Joseph

Cusack, Rev. Donald Eugene

Dale, Roland

Duke, Charles Richard

Durkin, John Joseph

Fortmiller, Hubert Clare, Jr.

Foster, Henry Dutton

Geldard, Richard Gordon

Gilligan, Rev. John Thomas
(President)

Hood, Donald Ernest
Houston, Elizabeth Wilmer
Kauffman, Robert Eugene

Keegan, James Lawrence

Kelsey, Raymond Whitman, Jr.

Kenny, Susan Fitz Randolph

Lozano, Hubert Field

Mathews, Robert Green, Jr.

Mayo, Bernier Lester

McNair, Wesley Cooke

Miller, Gordon Donald

Morelli, John Dominick

Moustakis, Christina Lee

Potier, Kathleen Platt

Reid, Linda Leigh Oesterling

Ringer, Robert Rock

Roach, Jayne Ela

Rouse, Michael Allen

Shea, Raymond James

Sheffer, Suzanne

Sipp, Anthony Fred Hooker

Skinner, Vincent Paul
Smink, Douglas (Feb. 1968)
Stokes, Louise Fuguet

Tadler, William Joseph

Trimmer, Donald Leroy

Margaret
Walsh, Martha

White, Carolyn Loerch

Wright, Richard Danforth, Jr.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Prospective 1969 Seniors

Barnes, Kimball Montague

Bass, Thomas

Bennett, George Edward

Bryant, Miles Taft

Ciletti, James Anthony

Clark, Arthur Leo

Clark, Mary Riggs

Cole, John Denison

Connors, Joan Marie

Craig, Lois Marie

Davis, Nancy Jeanette

Dundas, Marjorie Mary

Eastman, John William

Evans, Elaine Evelyne

Felch, Linda Louise

Fleming, William Waddell

Forde, Stewart Shepherd

Frey, Walter Albert, III

George, Bette Lou

Gold, Barbara Morgan

Gruteke, Patricia Chamberlain

Houston, Elizabeth Wilmer

Kelleher, Sarah Catherine

Knight, Elizabeth

Martin, Charles Phillip

~~(Gail)~~

Miller, Gay Gloria

Palmer, Anne Todd

Paluska, Susan Russell

Pas^aenen, John Matthew

Richardson, Francis Osborne

Sears, Linda A.

Smith, Catherine-Ann

Swartley, Betty Webb

Torrey, Lyle Blair, Jr.

Urban, Kristin May

Weaver, Judith Gardner

Bread Loaf School of English

Scholarships

1968

Thomas Behr (*Cook Scholar*)

Mrs. Pamela Campbell

Mrs. Barbara Coe

James Coughlin

Walter Frey

Lloyd Hackl

Paul Knauff

Mrs. Elizabeth Knight

Donald Miller

Mrs. Anne Palmer

Mrs. Elizabeth Pole

Robert Ringer

Mrs. Margery Schneider

Anthony Sipp

Stephen Sorkin

David Switky

Richard Wright

The Bread Loaf School of English

First-year Students - 1968

Armstrong, Brenda
Barker, Mrs. Mary
Bliss, Linda
Bodnar, Joanne
Boyle, Margaret
Buster, Walter Alan
Cannon, Victor M., Jr.
Clarkson, William E.
Cobb, Mrs. Loretta
Cooper, Kathleen
Davis, George W., II
Divine, Joy
Dorn, Linda
Dunn, Margaret
Eaton, Jean
Fermoyle, Mrs. Diane
Franklin, Mrs. Sandra
Gellens, Mrs. Virginia
Greene, Victoria
Hackl, Lloyd C.
Hadlock, Michael
Hardy, Roger
Harley, Nancy
Hinchcliffe, Mrs. Frances
Hough, Gordon R.

Hoyme, Jane
Isker, Kathleen
Johnson, Andrea
Johnson, Barclay G., Jr.
Johnson, Bruce
Jugon, Antoinette
Kelley, Patricia
Knauff, Paul
Kusterer, Eugene
Lane, Elisabeth
Lombard, Langdon F.
Lowe, Ann C.
Magee, John
Manley, David D.
McIlwaine, Mrs. Deborah
Megyesi, Louis
Moore, Mr. Leslie
Murken, Brother Robert, C.F.X.
Nagel, Doris
Norris, Christopher
Palmer, Donald F.
Pelletier, Peter
Pefia-Reyes, Myrna
Prescott, John
Sakai, Mr. Hajime

1968 First-year Students - 2

Scaife, Laura

Schuyler, Susan

Schwartzburg, John

Shaw, Cecille

Sister Alice Mary Griffin

Sorkin, Stephen

Switky, David

Tressler, Clyde, Jr.

Tutwiler, Carrington, III

Werhan, Joan

West, Donna

White, Elizabeth

Wilcox, Mrs. Elizabeth

Zacharias, Margaret

Probationary Status - 1968

Cole, John D.

Miana, Joseph

Meyer, Herbert

Sears, Linda

Tatro, Edna

Wiessner, Muriel

Students Taking Three Courses (9 credits)
1968

Kimball Barnes

Miles Bryant

Mrs. Mary Clark

John Durkin

William Fleming

Stewart Forde

Hubert Fortmiller

Mrs. Patricia Gruteke

Sarah Kelleher

Robert Mathews

Bernier Mayo

Mrs. Gay Miller

Sheryl Owens

Robert Ringer

Michael Rouse

Raymond Shea

Vincent Skinner

Louise Stokes

William Tadler

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1968 Auditors (7)

Victor Cannon

Rev. Maxwell Clough

Mamie Oliver

Donald Palmer

Hajime Sakai

Mrs. Thankful Wilson

Mrs. Ruth Wood

Bread Loaf School of English
VETERANS
1968

Ralph Aldrich
Arthur Clark
William Clarkson
Jacob Dunnell
Hubert Fortmiller
David Frothingham
Edward Howard
Raymond Kelsey
Hubert Lozano
Christopher Norris
William Patterson
Francis Richardson
Robert Ringer
William Tadler

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1968 Waiters

Bodnar, Joanne
Bryant, Miles
Buster, W. Alan
Ciletti, James
Clark, Arthur
Dale, Roland
Drazek, Jane
Fuermann, Bryan
Fermoyle, Diane
Hood, Donald
Hough, Gordon
Hoyme, Jane
Kauffman, Robert
McNair, Wesley
Owens, Sheryl
Prescott, John
Reid, Linda
Sears, Linda
Skinner, Vincent
Tadler, William
Tressler, Clyde
Tutwiler, Cabell

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
General Statistics 1968
Colleges Represented

(137)

Aberdeen Univ. - 1	Colgate - 1
Alabama Coll. - 1	Coll. of St. Rose - 1
Alfred Univ. - 1	Cornell - 2
Amherst - 1	Dakota Wesleyan Univ. - 1
Baldwin-Wallace - 1	Dartmouth - 7
Barnard - 1	Dickinson Coll.-2
Bedford, London - 1	Duke - 1
Belmont Abbey - 1	Edinboro - 1
Bennington - 1	Elmira - 1
Bishop's Univ. - 1	Emory & Henry - 1
Boston Coll. - 4	Emory Univ. - 1
Boston Univ. - 3	Fairleigh-Dickinson - 1
Bowdoin - 2	Framingham St. Coll. - 1
Bridgewater St. - 1	Franklin & Marshall - 1
Brigham Young Univ. - 1	Fredonia - 1
Brown - 1	Frostburg St. - 1
Bryn Mawr - 2	George Washington Univ. - 1
Canisius - 1	Gettysburg Coll. - 1
Carleton - 1	Goddard - 1
Castleton St. - 1	Goucher - 1
Catawba - 1	Grinnell - 1
Catholic Univ. - 1	Hamilton - 1
Chico St. - 1	Harvard - 4
Christ Church, Oxford - 1	Holy Family Coll. - 1
Clarion St. - 1	Hyannis Tchrs. - 1

Colleges Represented - 2

Indiana St. Coll. - 1	Ohio Wesleyan - 1
Indiana Univ. - 1	Oklahoma - 1
Keene St. - 5	Oneonta - 3
Kenyon - 1	Oswego - 1
Keuka - 1	Paterson St. - 1
Kutztown St. - 1	Plymouth St. Coll. - 2
Lawrence Coll. - 1	Potsdam - 1
Loyola - 2	Princeton - 4
Manhattanville - 1	Queens Coll. - 1
Miami, O., Univ. - 1	Radcliffe - 2
Michigan St. Univ. - 2	Rhode Island Coll. - 3
Middlebury - 11	Roberts Wesleyan - 1
Mt. Holyoke - 2	Salve Regina Coll. - 1
Mt. St. Mary Coll. - 1	St. Edwards - 1
Mt. Union Coll. - 1	St. George Williams - 2
New Paltz - 1	St. John's Univ. - 1
Northeastern Univ. - 1	St. Lawrence Univ. - 2
Northern Illinois Univ. - 1	St. Mary of the Lake - 1
North St. Coll., Aberdeen - 1	St. Mary's - 1
Northwestern - 2	St. Michael's - 1
Oberlin - 1	St. Olaf Coll. - 1
Oblate - 1	Seton Hall Univ. - 2
Occidental Coll. - 2	Seton Hill Univ. - 1
Ohio St. Univ. - 1	Shippensburg St. Tchrs. - 2
Ohio Univ. - 1	Siena Coll. - 1

Colleges Represented - 3

Silliman Univ. - 1

Simmons - 1

Smith - 3

Sophia Univ. - 1

Southern Methodist Univ. - 1

Stanford - 2

St. Univ. of Iowa - 1

Susquehanna Univ. - 2

Sweet Briar - 1

Tarkio - 1

Texas A & I - 1

Towson St. Coll. - 1

Trinity - 3

Tufts - 1

Univ. of Chattanooga - 1

Univ. of Denver - 1

Univ. of Houston - 1

Univ. of Massachusetts - 3

Univ. of Miami - 1

Univ. of Michigan - 1

Univ. of Minnesota - 2

Univ. of New Hampshire - 2

Univ. of North Carolina - 1

Univ. of Pennsylvania - 1

Univ. of Pittsburgh - 1

Univ. of Tennessee - 1

Univ. of Texas - 1

Univ. of Utah - 1

Univ. of Vermont - 5

Univ. of Western Ontario - 1

Ursinus - 1

Utica Coll. of Syracuse - 1

Wellesley - 1

Western Maryland - 1

Wheelock - 1

Williams - 3

Yale - 2

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Candidates for Middlebury M. A.

(171)

Albert, George	Coe, Barbara
Aldrich, Ralph	Cole, John
Armstrong, Brenda	Connors, Joan
Baker, Jean	Coughlin, James
Barker, Ann	Craig, Lois
Barnes, Kimball	Cusack, Rev. Donald
Barra, Gabriel	Dacey, Richard
Bass, Thomas	Dale, Roland
Bayliss, Margaret	Davis, George
Behr, Thomas	Davis, Nancy
Bennett, George	Day, John
Bennett, Michael	Divine, Joy
Blagden, Crawford	Dorn, Linda
Bodnar, Joanne	Drazek, Jane
Boyle, Margaret	Dubreuil, Margaret
Brazil, Dale	Duke, Charles
Bryant, Miles	Dundas, Marjorie
Campbell, Johnstone	Dunnell, Jacob
Campbell, Pamela	Durkin, John
Carroll, Jane	Eastman, John
Chauncey, Marcia	Evans, Elaine
Ciletti, James	Felch, Linda
Clark, Arthur	Fermoyle, Diane
Clark, Mary	Fleming, William
Clarkson, William	Forde, Stewart
Coale, Virginia	

Candidates for Middlebury M. A. - 2

Fortmiller, Hubert

Foster, Dutton

Franklin, Sandra

Frech, Patricia

Frey, Walter

Frothingham, David

Fuermann, Bryan

Gaillard, T. Lee

Geldard, Richard

Gellens, Virginia

George, Bette Lou

Gilligan, Rev. John

Glazier, Betsey

Gold, Barbara

Greene, Victoria

Gruteke, Patricia

Hackl, Lloyd

Hadlock, Michael

Haiko, Vincent

Haness, Mitchell

Harley, Nancy

Homan, Penelope

Hood, Donald

Hood, Elizabeth

Hopkins, Howard

Hough, Gordon

Houghton, Olive

Howard, Edward

Johnson, Andrea

Jones, Donald

Jugon, Antoinette

Kauffman, Robert

Keegan, James

Kelleher, Sarah

Kelley, Patricia

Kelsey, Ray

Kenny, S. F. R.

King, John

Knauff, Paul

Knight, Elizabeth

Krasnansky, Robert

Kusterer, Eugene

Lombard, Langdon

Lowe, Ann

Lozano, Hubert

MacKerron, Dwight

MacLean, Donald

Magee, John

Mahoney, Sheila

Manley, David

Martin, Charles

Mathews, Robert

Mayo, Bernier

McIlwaine, Deborah

McNair, Wesley

Megyesi, Louis

Meyers, Herbert

Miana, Joseph

Miller, Gay

Miller, Donald

Moore, Leslie

Morelli, John

Moustakis, Christina

Murken, Brother Robert

Mygdal, William

Newell, Theodora

Nolan, John

Norris, Christopher

O'Neill, Kathleen

Owens, Sheryl

Palmer, Anne

Paradis, George

Pasanen, John

Patterson, William

Pelletier, Peter

Perine, Alice

Pesez, Mary

Pole, Elizabeth

Potier, Kathleen

Prescott, John

Reid, Linda

Richardson, Francis

Richardson, James

Richardson, Nell

Ringer, Robert

Roach, Jayne

Rouse, Michael

Scaife, Laura

Schneider, Margery

Schwartzburg, John

Sears, Linda

Shaw, Carol

Shea, Raymond

Sheffer, Suzanne

Sipp, Anthony

Sister Alice Griffin

Skinner, Vincent

Smith, Catherine-Ann

Stokes, Louise

Stubbs, Muriel

Candidates for Middlebury M. A. - 4

Swartley, Betty

Switky, David

Tadler, William

Torrey, L. Blair

Tressler, Clyde

Trimmer, Donald

True, Jean

Tutwiler, Carrington

Urban, Kristin

Viglirolo, George

Wagner, Louise

Walsh, Martha

Weaver, Judith

West, Donna Lou

West, John

White, Carolyn

White, Elizabeth

White, Lucille

Wiessner, Muriel

Wright, Richard

1968 SCHEDULE of CLASSES

Except as indicated, all classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classrooms.

8:30

11	Romantic Poets	Mr. Sypher	Little Theatre
19	Chaucer	Mr. Anderson	Room 2
52	English Novel from Defoe to Austen	Mr. Gray	Room 4
103	Greek Tragedy	Miss Bacon	Room 1
14	Yeats' Poetry	Mr. Dorius	Room 6

9:30

33	Swift and Pope	Mr. Price	Room 2
68	The Lyric, 1500-1650	Mr. Tayler	Room 3
117	Faulkner	Mr. Holland	Room 5
121	Portrayal of Negroes in American Literature	Mr. Levin	Room 1
48	Elizabethan and Jacobean Plays in Production	Mr. Sharp	Little Theatre

10:30

1	Modern Literary Criticism	Mr. Sypher	Room 6
34	The Novel and Techniques of Persuasion	Mr. Gray	Room 1
93	Modern Drama	Mr. Volkert	Little Theatre
28	The Heroic in Shakespeare's Greek and Roman Plays	Mr. Dorius	Room 2
113	The Ancient Novel	Miss Bacon	Room 4

11:30

105	Forms of Comedy	Mr. Price	Room 4
122	Revolution and Reform in American Fiction	Mr. Holland	Room 6
75	Modern Poetry	Mr. Pack	Room 1
32	Milton	Mr. Tayler	Room 3
95	Portrayal of Europe in American Literature	Mr. Levin	Room 2
7c	Scene and Lighting Design for the Theatre	Mr. Maddox	Little Theatre

Tues.-Thurs. 2:00-4:15

5	Experiments in the Writing of Poetry	Mr. Pack	Room 3
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The Proposed Establishment of the Degree of Master of Philosophy at Bread Loaf

It has become apparent in recent years that many students at Bread Loaf seek a formal academic experience beyond a Master of Arts. For many it has appeared that the only degree still available to them was the Ph.D., and for some contemplating a career in college teaching this direction is quite appropriate. I have become concerned, however, for those students moving into positions of leadership in high schools, preparatory schools, junior and community colleges for whom a further degree is appropriate, but not the doctorate. I propose, then, the establishment of the degree of Master of Philosophy at Bread Loaf.

The first prerequisite for this advanced degree would be the Master of Arts. Teachers holding the Master of Arts in Teaching or the Master of Education would not be eligible for the degree.

I propose a degree which could be earned in three or four summers after the Master of Arts. It would build in a more concentrated and specialized way on the broader base of the Master of Arts. Students could select for their area of concentration either a period such as the Renaissance, a genre like the novel, or an area of special study like theatre arts or comparative literature (with courses at the Middlebury Summer Language Schools).

A minimum of three summers' residence at Bread Loaf would be a requirement for the degree. A maximum of six hours of transfer credits would be permitted in the area of specialization, but only if these courses fully satisfied the Director as being of Bread Loaf quality. Students would be expected to engage in at least two Independent Honors Reading Programs during the winter, but could undertake up to four programs towards the degree. Each reading program would culminate in either a long essay or a written exam, to be followed by an oral examination. Grades would be determined on a Pass/Fail basis. In the last summer a student would undertake a comprehensive oral examination covering his whole area of specialization.


Master of Philosophy - 2

The program would be limited to a few highly qualified and able students. They would be permitted to continue for the Master of Philosophy degree if they have completed the Master of Arts degree at Bread Loaf with a strong record. Students not previously at Bread Loaf could be admitted directly to the Master of Philosophy program if they were holders of a bona fide Master of Arts degree. In such cases the first summer of residence would be probationary, and a student would be permitted to continue for the degree only if he had established a fully satisfactory record. Otherwise he would be permitted to proceed for the Master of Arts or, of course, if his record were unsatisfactory, he would be dropped altogether.

The new program could be offered without the addition of specialized courses and would not require an increase in the size of the faculty.

The program would in no way interfere with the major objective of the School of English: the offering of a Master of Arts program of the highest quality. Having more experienced students at Bread Loaf would only enhance the intellectual caliber of the student body.

I should welcome your suggestions and criticisms, including the advisability of abandoning the whole project.


Paul M. Cubeta
Director

The Bread Loaf School of English

Program for the 1968 Session

Monday, July 8	Richard Ellmann Professor of English, Yale Overtures to Wilde's <u>Salome</u>	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Monday, July 15	William Alfred Professor of English, Harvard Albee's <u>A Delicate Balance</u>	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 18, 19, and 20	<u>The Crazy Locomotive</u> By Stanislaw I. Witkiewicz	Little Theater, 9:00 P.M.
Monday, July 22	Reuben Brower Professor of English, Harvard <u>Shakespeare and the Heroic</u> (Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture)	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Monday, July 29	Archibald MacLeish Poetry Reading	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, August 1, 2, and 3	<u>Coriolanus</u> By William Shakespeare	Little Theater, 8:30 P.M.
Saturday, August 10	Commencement Exercises	Little Theater, 8:15 P.M.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Presents

THE CRAZY LOCOMOTIVE

By

Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz

Translated by

C. S. Durer and Daniel C. Gerould

Bread Loaf Little Theatre

July 18, 19, 20, 1968

Performance - 9:00 P.M.

From the Commandments for Locomotive Engineers:

#VI - Women should keep away from engines;
never take them on your locomotive.

In The Manual for Frantic Locomotive Engineers

CAST

(In order of appearance)

Slobok	Robert Mathews
Julia	Sheila Mahoney
Tenser	Robert Ringer
Sophia	Gerry Schneider
Valery Bean	Jonathan Porter
A Convict	James Ciletti
Police Officer	Don Hood
Minna, Countess of Barnheim	Lisa Stokes
Mira Bean	Margaret Dunn
Turbulence Guster	Stephen Sorkin
Conductor	James Richardson
John Cackleson, Railroad Guard	Michael Rouse
Jean Cackleson, his wife	Jayne Roach
Dr. Marcellus Riftmaker	Eugene Kusterer
Nurses	Kay Bennett Betsy Hood

A play in two acts and an epilogue

PRODUCTION STAFF

William L. Sharp	Director
Douglas Maddox	Scenic Designer
Herman George	Technical Director
Johnstone Campbell	Costume Designer
Don Hood	Lighting Designer
	Stage Manager

Johnstone Campbell	Technicians
Dick Geldard	
Chad Martin	
Janet Buss	Wardrobe Mistress

Bill Patterson	Sound
Roger Hardy, Head	Control Panel Design
Bert MacLean,	and Execution
David Manley, Steve Sorkin	

Suzanne Sheffer, Bob Kauffman,	Electricians
David Manley, Robert Murken	

Peter Just	Special Effects
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Chad Martin, Bert MacLean	Properties
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John Cole, Janet Buss	Scene Construction
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Faith Holland, Jean True,	Costumes
Hildie Ross, Alice Paine,	
Sandy Buss, Elizabeth Pole	

Richard Wright, Head	House
Jean Baker, John Durkin,	
Donald Trimmer	

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Presents

GORIOLANUS

By

William Shakespeare

Bread Loaf Little Theatre

August 1, 2, and 3, 1968

Madrigal Singers - 8:10 P.M.

Performance - 8:30 P.M.

CAST

Menenius Agrippa	David Manley
Gaius Marcius Coriolanus	David Switky
Cominius	Donald Trimmer
Titus Lartius	Dutton Foster
Sicinius Velutus	Eugene Kusterer
Junius Brutus	Stewart Forde
Tullus Aufidius	Roger Hardy
1st Corioles Senator	Chad Martin
2nd Corioles Senator	Dick Geldard
Volumnia	Diane Fermoyle
Virgilia	Elisabeth Lane
Gentlewoman	Suzanne Sheffer
Valeria	Catherine-Ann Smith
1st Messenger	Vincent Skinner
Lieutenant to Lartius	Bill Tadler
1st Volscian Soldier	Alan Buster
2nd Volscian Soldier	Craig Storti
Roman Herald	Vincent Skinner
2nd Messenger	Peter Just
1st Roman Senator	Bill Tadler

Sound: Betsey Glazier

Make-up: Pat Gruteke, head; Patricia Kelley
Mary Pesez, Laura Scaife, Betsy Hood
Joan Werhan, Gerry Schneider

Scenery Construction and Stage Crew: John Cole
Margaret Dunn, Peter Just
Kris Newton, Andy Schwartzburg
James Cubeta

House: Richard Wright, head; John Durkin
Herb Meyer, Bob Murken, Gerry Kenjorski

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MADRIGAL SINGERS

Thomas Behr, Director

Ralph Aldrich	Peter Just
Ann Barker	Lilly Knight
Mary Barker	Robert Krasnansky
Margaret Barnes	Sally MacKerron
Pat Bayliss	Chad Martin
Lois Craig	Kathy Potier
Barbara Coe	Nell Richardson
Charles Duke	Laura Scaife
Elaine Evans	Kris Urban
Dave Frothingham	Donna West
Barbara Gold	Elizabeth White
Betsy Hood	Ruth Wood

Lynn Woodworth
Richard Wright

DIRECTING STAFF

ERIE T. VOLKERT	DIRECTOR
Dorothy Kuryloski	Production Coordinator
Bill Tadler	Stage Manager
Vincent Skinner	Assistant Stage Manager

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STAGING STAFF

Douglas R. Maddox	Lighting and Scenic Designer
Herman George	Costume Designer
Johnstone Campbell	Assistant Lighting Designer
Janet Buss	Wardrobe Mistress
Dick Geldard	Sound Engineer
Chad Martin	Property Master

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CREWS

Costumes: Linda Felch, head dresser; Jean True
Faith Holland, Lynn Woodworth, Betsy Pole
Gigi Mygdal, Alice Paine, Kristin Urban
Hildie Ross, Gabriel Barra, Sandy Buss
Shirley Sharp, Cairle Duclos, Polly MacLachlan

Lights: Kate Sharp, Stephen Sorkin, Mike Bennett
Lynn Woodworth, Margaret Dunn

Properties: Karen Rockow, Ann Lowe, Gigi Mygdal
Robert Kauffman, Bert MacLean

CAST (continued)

2nd Roman Senator	Robert Kauffman	
3rd Roman Senator	Roland Dale	
Lictors	John Cole Donald Hood	
Aedile	John Magee	
Antium Citizen	John Cole	
1st Servant to Aufidius	Bert MacLean	
2nd Servant to Aufidius	Vincent Skinner	
3rd Servant to Aufidius	John Day	
Lieutenant to Aufidius	Peter Just	
1st Volscian Watch	Bill Tadler	
2nd Volscian Watch	Vincent Skinner	
Young Marcius	Douglas W. Maddox	
3rd Messenger	John Cole	
1st Conspirator	Stephen Sorkin	
2nd Conspirator	James Richardson	
3rd Conspirator	Vincent Skinner	
Citizens and Soldiers		
Thomas Behr	Graig Storti	Peter Just
George Dunlop	Bert MacLean	Alan Buster
William Mygdal	Howard Hopkins	John Cole
Vincent Skinner	James Richardson	John Day

A PROGRAM OF MADRIGALS AND CATCHES...

By

THE BREAD LOAF MADRIGAL CONSORT

Tuesday, August 6, 1968, 7:30 P.M.

Thomas Behr, Director

I

Now is the month of maying	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
April is in my mistress' face	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
I thought that Love had been a boy	William Byrd (1543-1623)
Come, come again	John Dowland (1562-1626)

II

Chairs to mend	William Hayes (1706-1777)
He that drinks is immortal	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
I gave her cakes	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

III

Rest, sweet nymphs	Frances Pilkington (? - 1638)
Weep you no more, sad fountains	John Dowland (1562-1623)
O my heart	King Henry VIII (1491-1547)
Fair Phyllis	John Farmer (1565-1605)

IV

Give me the sweet delights of love	Harry Harrington (1727-1816)
Here lies a woman	From "The Catch Club," 1730
Matona, lovely maiden	Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594)

V

Sing we and chant it	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
My heart doth beg you'll not forget	Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594)
The silver swan	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
Say, Love, if ever thou didst find	Slyly Wypher (1723-1601)

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT
05753

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

August 7, 1968

Dear Fellow Bread Loafer:

As we begin plans for next summer, I hope that you will assist the School in the urgent matter of recruiting able black colleagues who may be unaware of the opportunities that Bread Loaf offers. Although Bread Loaf posters and catalogues are sent out by the thousands to integrated and black high schools and colleges, black teachers are not responding--perhaps put off by the Vermont bucolic bit.

I should be grateful if over the year you would send me the names of black colleagues whom I might personally encourage to apply next summer. Scholarship assistance and waiterships can help those who are in financial straits.

Bread Loaf can meet her deepest social obligations, I am convinced, only with the support of you who have always sustained the School by urging colleagues and friends to share your summers on the Mountain.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:lb

The Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

Laurence Holland

August 10, 1968

VIOLENCE AND THE TEACHING VOCATION

By the time I arrived this June at Bread Loaf, part of my good fortune was that I had managed to forget a quotation that had been brought forcibly to my mind by public events during the year, a sentence whose literary source my memory had, in its familiar way, misplaced. To my surprise, the occasion this evening and the charge with which you honor your faculty has returned the quotation to my consciousness, though in my surprise I easily recognize Bread Loaf's way of reviving interest in unfinished business, its insidious habit of quickening our concern about matters we had thought were quietly suspended in some safe limbo of our attention. The sentence that has sportively returned to prompt me is this: "'He had a dream. . . and it shot him.'" And that disturbing sentence has led me to talk tonight about violence, and the import of violence for those in our teaching vocation.

The quotation had been brought to mind, of course, in this, the year of assassinations, by the murder of Martin Luther King--and by the shooting in the aftermath of Dr. King's funeral of a young student I had taught, who was either looting stores or, as the social workers he worked with convince me, trying to stop the looting in his neighborhood. It was a time when public affairs jarred us into recognizing that life outside literature determines finally the relevance of literature to our experience, and that it jolts us on occasion to respond in new ways, often before we know it, to works that have been closely familiar to us. The phrases suggesting that the

Reverend Mr. King had been shot by a dream responded to the sense that the mission which he served, the dream itself, had in the circumstances of modern American life produced his death. The particular "vulnerability," as Mary McCarthy once put it, of life in America, where life is a hazard and "heroic accessibility" is the style of its public leaders, has intensified in recent decades. Any challenging dream of social commitment seems itself a peril, inviting or provoking, if not generating from within its own compulsions, the act of violence that destroys its dreamer. In any case we all teach, read, and see plays or films these days with the sense that there are ominously close connections between our dreams and the violence in our surroundings, between the "rising expectations" that have long characterized social democracy and the riots breaking out in our congested cities, between whatever achievements and energies have sustained our dreams and the surrounding context of a defense establishment and a "waking, audible," insane war, and a people inured to war though safely remote, most of them, from it.

It cannot be my purpose to explain or measure exactly the prevalence of violence in our society. Students more expert than I weigh the importance of aggressive impulses within the psyche against the ferocities of a competitive industrial capitalism, its by-product of abject poverty, and the weapons that technological society, notably ours, has produced. One can stress the explosive pressures building up in urban ghettos, where routines of self-destructive assault among the blacks are matched by routines of brutality among the police. Another commentator can emphasize the "cold obliterating" constraints of a power structure that exacts the tribute of subservience and a complacent middle class that demands conformity. However varied the origins of violence, the use of force to damage property and, more importantly, to injure or kill other persons is widely tolerated in our civilization. Now a different kind of violence, less

familiar in our recent past though prevalent elsewhere, is appearing on the scene: violence not spontaneous but organized, and violence inflicted not by individuals but by groups against groups. Yet historians can point to a veritable tradition of violence in America, a "habit of violence" with precedents in the distinctive virulence of American labor strife, the brutalities of racial suppression following the Civil War, and the cruel debasements institutionalized in the slavery system before that. There are earlier precedents in the raw expediency of the frontier and in the organized, ruthless elimination, verging on genocide, of the Indians.

A tradition, in sum, enforces the activist's claim that "Violence is as American as cherry pie," and the excitements of these earlier frontier encounters are diffused throughout the land in our popular arts and by the media that keep violence--actual or fictive--within the "horizon of expectations" that constitute our culture. Indeed Tocqueville noticed early in the 1830's that romantic melodrama found a ready audience in egalitarian, competitive, turbulent America, which had acquired by then a veritable taste for violence: "Accustomed to the struggles, the crosses, and the monotony of practical life," he wrote, the Americans "require strong and rapid emotions, startling passages, truths or errors brilliant enough to rouse them up and to plunge them at once, as if by violence, into the midst of the subject."

That our educational institutions are far from immune to this tradition of violence, and the repressive actions or rebellious impulses that produce it, has been obvious to any of us who see the movies or teach in blackboard jungles. Some of us will return in a matter of weeks to teach in institutions where the threat or exercise of physical force will be potentially explosive in the lives of withdrawn or defiant students, and in the lives of administrators and teachers whose routines humiliate the students, or whose curricula meet their needs with gestures of irrelevance. Some colleagues

would return--were it not for leaves of absence that would be enviable under any circumstances--to the Columbia campus that was immobilized last spring in explosive confrontations. The crisis at Columbia serves us all by dramatizing the cost of failure when we fail to create the community of learning of our dreams--when we settle instead for the "self-enclosed and self-subsistent orders," as Martin Price has called them, that characterize all too much of modern life. The Columbia crisis dramatizes too the cost of striving as our Bread Loaf colleagues are striving, to convert the crisis into a creative opportunity, the authentic revolution that our realm of learning needs.

I hope that I shall not seem to minimize the difficulties entailed in overhauling our institutions, and the problems particularly of redesigning administrative structures, curricula, and classroom procedures, but I want to turn to the ways in which violence impinges on our lives more directly as students and teachers, even though the Bread Loaf setting may on the charming face of it seem removed from such hazards. The Bread Loaf centered in the Barn suggests the authentic community that one of our best classicists and activists, Thoreau, once described: "I sometimes dream," he wrote in Walden, "of a larger and more populous house, standing in a golden age," consisting of but one huge room, "a vast . . . , substantial, primitive hall, without ceiling or plastering, with bare rafters and purlins supporting a sort of lower heaven over one's head . . . ; where the king and queen posts stand out to receive your homage, when you have done reverence to the prostrate Saturn of an older dynasty on stepping over the sill; a cavernous house . . . where some may live in the fireplace, some in the recess of a window, and some on settles, some at one end of the hall, some at another, and some aloft on rafters with the spiders, if they choose A house whose inside is as open and manifest as a bird's nest, and you cannot go in at the front door . . . without seeing some of the inhabitants; where

to be a guest is to be given the freedom of the house" That familiar building in our pastoral setting, recalling the "sloping mountainous rocks / And the river that batters its way over the stones" which Wallace Stevens rendered in his poem "Dry Loaf," may not seem to be an ominously "tragic land." But as Stevens says: "It is equal to living in a tragic land / To be living in a tragic time." Situated in a tragic time, Bread Loaf is an un-walled center in the midst of larger communities.

A young man who was a student here last summer has written Dr. Cubeta a moving testimonial to this fact, in the course of asking permission to devise one of the new independent reading projects for credit toward his degree. His present setting reminds him of Vermont, and "down the hill" he can see a "wooded gorge not at all unlike Texas Falls." He has discovered that the "ragged ends of youthful idealism" are "hanging on" though he feels he may be living in an "insane joke," in a world which has "the potential, the prerogative, and the alarming propensity for self-annihilation." With renewed purpose he is "teaching a beginning English course and an advanced American Literature course." He left this country with his outfit "in the midst of anti-war demonstrations in Oakland on the morning after Senator Kennedy had been assassinated," feeling, he writes, like a "character in a 'tale told by an idiot.'" His students--he can devote time to them only during "off-duty hours"--are Vietnamese in La Dat.

With connections so close as these to violence and tragedy in the world elsewhere, it has been pertinent and appropriate, as well as gripping, to find Candaules, Commissioner and The Crazy Locomotive produced brilliantly in our theater, to find this year that there was room for Caius Marcius--books, coffee pot, and all--in Thoreau's and Mr. Battell's Barn, to recognize that Bread Loaf itself encompassed violence in a stunning production of Coriolanus on its stage.

It is the presence of violence in the very language, in the very

productions that we sponsor and the writings that we teach, that I want to speak about, for it is through our language and our reading that the voice of violence enters directly into our classrooms whether or not our students are sullen and armed, no matter who is keeping order and interesting or outraging them. Indeed historians point to verbal and literary violence, particularly their prevalence in modern literature of high quality, as one source of violence in actual life. Yet it is through the enactments of violence in language and in imaginative art that we can best meet the challenge of violence in our vocation.

There have been times and places when the language of violence is thought literally by verbal magic to produce outside the language the acts it speaks of: to say "kill" would kill in fact and the murderous tongue be indistinguishable from murders performed in deed. By the same logic only the deed of murder itself could generate its adequate expression, only actual murder or blood sacrifice could authenticate the staged dramas that rendered the ultimate of violence in plays. When the poet, Wallace Stevens, boldly and sportively invokes "'the clashed edges of two words that kill'" he expresses relish in precisely that, as do we all when we speak joyfully of "cracking up" under the impact of a comic film or shattering interchangeably enemies and friends with a murderously barbed joke--as we do when with Mark Twain we watch an audience first "crack in places," then begin to "crumble," then fall "apart in chunks" till someone comes with a broom to sweep the fragments up.

Yet this language that leaves us fragments is, Twain instantly reminds us, "figurative" and much of our great literature, including very dangerously modern literature, is informed by the recognition that language either cannot or should not be the things it speaks of: it is an "as if" of words and gestures and fictive enactments. Admittedly, these words and fictive enactments may come close to the so-called "real thing"; the name

of "violence" applies as justly to the equally real disorders and outbreaks in language as it does to the upheavals in actual life. Admittedly, too, these enactments risk tempting, inducing, or preparing us to perpetrate the worst of the violent deeds that they express, yet these same expressive acts control, give shape to, and in a real sense determine what kind of expression the verbal violence shall have. For these reasons the "as if" of these creative efforts that we teach may provide a model for ways of coming to terms with the violence in deed that is so challenging a feature of our time.

While the expressive release of particular kinds of violence in authentic art risks inducing any kind of violence in action, these same efforts express the attempt to recognize the reality of violence in ourselves and in our world, and to front it candidly and directly; they form also the attempt to avoid its worst excesses by giving controlled release to the energies that cause it in other, less destructive, ways; and they express the effort to enlist those directly engaged in and suffering violence as participants in our community, participants in a shared effort to convert violence into creative purpose and encompass it in newly created forms. Many of our best works of literature release and express not only the immanence of violence in actual life, but the conversion of it into creative order. They do this by enacting the violence while also enacting the effort to control and transform it; they create a world within our world, a context for violence that neither whitewashes its destructiveness nor contains it within repressively rigid limits but encompasses it, in forms that respond to its challenge and incorporate that vital challenge in the creative effort. And while these works engage us as vicarious participants in the violence they present, they engage us also as vicarious participants in the community of shared insight and concern that their enactments make possible. In this way they serve as models for the community of shared risks, shared

burdens, and shared opportunities that we must create somehow in deeds, in our cities, our neighborhoods, our classrooms.

So Brutus in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar would convert the killing of Caesar into ritual sacrifice that would express genuine concern and a politics of moral purpose, would confess the guilt for the deed that distinguishes "purgers" who purge the state from wrathful "butchers," and define the moral dangers of the deed as well as sanction its accomplishment. When in Melville's Moby Dick Ishmael tells of knifing into a young whale, he does so to establish his claim to be a responsible participant in the action of the hunt and translates the deed into the intellectual act of "breaking the seal" as if "reading all the contents" of some text, the very act of reading through which we readers too participate. Later in the same book Ahab, shouting his defiance at the object he attacks, in the same breath longs to be "welded" in some communion and to join as a participant in a still "unparticipated grief." In these words and enactments we can recognize violent attacks that are being shaped to controlled and creative purpose, a "revolt against" that is being converted by ritual gesture into a "revolt toward" a community of interest and understanding, even though it terminates in tragic wastage. Something like the rituals we need to invent in our social and institutional life are presented in these fictive enactments, converting the sheer outbreak and sheer repetition of violence into expressive and constructive instruments.

By so enacting the challenge of violence and even sanctioning it while protesting against its worst dangers and the cost it entails, and by expressing so forcibly also the effort to transform that violence, such works speak to us who live in a world right here: where authority is problematical and is acknowledged to be so--where, as Wallace Stevens writes, an "old order" is itself a "violent" order--where authority is challenged on all sides and where responsible authority is that which acknowledges the challenge and

runs its risks, recognizes responsively the claims, and incorporates the challenge in the constituent enactments of new forms.

In this connection, Ralph Ellison's protagonist does speak for us when he renders a world where even the establishment's "most innocent words were acts of violence to which we of the campus were hypersensitive," and challenges its language at first as a mere "bungling bugler of words" who can muster only the language of "drowned passions . . . unachievable ambitions and stillborn revolts" and must create still new forms later to enact the community of possibility that he seeks. Ellison's protagonist speaks for us, if at no other time, when he speaks of the necessity to "perform . . . tasks for which nothing in my experience--except perhaps my imagination--had prepared me." For we all need to imagine violence and its transformation before we can otherwise meet their challenge, and the works we teach enable us and our charges to rehearse and prepare for the task of doing so. Design in art by its very nature enlists us as responsive and responsible participants in the plots it stirs up or the violence it enacts, and enlists us likewise in the confrontations that are dramatized in language and the porcess that transforms them into a community of vision.

Accordingly in this very pastoral world Coriolanus speaks too to our imaginations; the confrontations it brings to a crisis are encompassed and transformed to create a community of vision and purpose with the audience, a community which the characters and their societies fail tragically to achieve. In Rome an old decaying officialdom reaches across a gneration gap to confer governing power on a proud young warrior. An aroused populace asserts with some success its claim to fuller participation in the benefits and governance of the state. Instantly the drama quickens into crisis, and the explosive violence that portends in deeds is rehearsed first in the explosive violence, the charged, harsh, unyielding repetitions, of spoken

speech: First Citizen: "Before we proceed any further, hear me speak."

All: "Speak, speak."

But the young soldier draws back from the full responsibility of power, just as by defect of habit he has "fled from words," and none of the old ceremonies or customs prove adequate to the crisis at hand. The populace goes through the motions of the old rituals, but neither press their claims with sufficient force nor keep to any consistent policy. The language presses toward a union of purpose in which the wounds that testify to Marcius' deeds of service would be joined to the tongues that speak or express those deeds: Marcius should "show . . . his wounds and tell his deeds" and the populace should put their "tongues into those wounds and speak for them." But the populace, denied the privilege of custom, backs away from pressing the claim to it as right. Marcius in turn, with no alternative but the forgeries eventually proposed to him by his advisors and his mother, resorts to the explosive language of curses; he shatters the populace into "fragments" and shrivels a Tribune to a "rotten thing," indeed threatens to "pluck out the multitudinous tongue" in the name of law and order. The very language and Marcius' reaction to it are charged with violence as he beats down with his invective the "'absolute'" and "peremptory 'shall,'" the "popular 'shall'" with which the people ineffectually press their claim to participation in the syntax of the city.

Not the creation of a community, but a mutual banishment is accomplished during the crisis and the words in which it is rehearsed. Marcius in his willed and welcomed isolation becomes "titleless," a "nothing" until, as if he could be the "author of himself," he must even name himself when seeking, in an enemy city, a role in a community that he needs. He commits himself too late to the dream of reconciling his two loyalties and making even a grubby peace between the cities. He tries too late to do in Corioli what he had been unable to do in Rome, to "appear before the people" and, as

Aufidius scornfully reports it, "To purge himself with words." The young man is wakened from his dream and brought to destruction by the verbal taunt of "boy," hurled at him by a warrior who is more boyish--who has more facility with words but even less confidence in their transforming power--than he.

Despite the tragic failure of this "boy" and this community that depend so much on each other, the play that encompasses the consuming violence and transforms it into creative vision stirs us to ask still, with a more recent poet and fellow teacher, "What words can wed us to the scene / And make us touch one common world?" In fact, the troublesome quotation that launched my talk tonight was spoken by a disadvantaged boy, a boy who had something of the wolfish noncompliance, "surliness," and abundance of repressed feeling that Marianne Moore celebrates affectionately in her poem "The Student." "He had a dream . . . and it shot him"--the remark was made in sullen irony by young Huck Finn. He spoke of another boy who is like others of our more affluent students, his friend Tom Sawyer. Once again, and in new contexts, we must ask what could young Huck Finn mean?

Tom's dream, as Huck evidently thinks it, was the appallingly exploitive scheme for dramatizing the freeing the Negro slave, Jim, who as Tom knew had already been given his legal freedom by his owner. When Tom and Huck had acted out the script, they had stirred up a posse of vigilantes who had shot Tom, who promptly in the excitement had a hallucinatory day-dream; he fancied that he was involved in the French Revolution and was struggling to rescue King Louis XVI from the violent holocaust. The dream that shot him, of liberating Jim, and his dream of rescuing a king from the violence of a revolution in which Tom never took part, are a luridly and comically flawed substitute for what Huck recognizes eventually as their real problem, the problem of revolutionary proportions that is still ours: how "to set a free nigger free." Yet Huck is on his way to get medical

help for Tom, because Huck and Jim have been joined in a community of purpose that enables Jim to put into words the decision they jointly made in silence: the decision to risk Jim's freedom in order to save young Tom. I find enacted in this fiction the promise that we can create a community of the races and the generations, if we have the boldness to rehearse and prepare our imaginations for the shared risks we shall have to run, the outbreaks we have to anticipate and the defeats we shall have to salvage, and the opportunities that must be shared if we are to meet the challenge of violence in our time.

I have this evening been borrowing from more colleagues and students than my quotations acknowledge, and asserting an interest in their domains to which I have no claim. But without the shared community embracing all of us to which this occasion testifies, in what world are we? How else gladly can we learn, and how else gladly may we earn the right to teach?

GENERAL WAITER INFORMATION

1. Waiters and waitresses must be neatly dressed at all times.
 - a. Girls must wear skirts, peds (or socks or stockings), and hair nets.
 - b. Men must wear a shirt and tie to the evening meal, and Sunday dinner.
 - c. Jackets are changed twice a week (Wednesday evening and Sunday noon.)
Try to keep yours clean. (Keeping the trays clean helps.)
2. Waiters should have a small pad and pencil for taking breakfast and beverage orders. There is a choice of meal at breakfast and of beverages at all meals.
3. No smoking in dining hall or kitchen except at waiters' table and then only during waiters' mealtime.
4. No gum chewing in dining hall.
5. No drinking before serving tables.
6. Waiters are expected to be in the dining hall one half hour before breakfast (at 7 a.m.; 7:30 on Sunday); one half hour before lunch (at 12:15 p.m.) or immediately after the last class if one has that class; 45 minutes before supper (at 5:15 p.m.) for eating, and setting up tables.
(Writers' Conference times: 7:30 a.m., 12:15 p.m., and 5:30.)
7. The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are admitted. After the door closes, no guests will be admitted. If any manage to enter (as others leave, for example) they must not be served. If such a customer insists on being served, see the head waiter.
8. Each waiter will have 12 people, either at two tables of 6 or three tables of 4 each.
9. Stations will be changed every three days when seating assignments change. (Usually, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.) No one, therefore, will have easier posts than others for any length of time.
10. Those waiting on faculty table always go to ^{the} head of the line in the kitchen.
11. Waiters should, toward the end of the meal, lend one another a hand. Every-one, at one time or another, will be behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone to finish sooner.
12. Sunday noon meal is followed by demi-tasse in the Blue Parlor. Two waiters will be assigned to serve each Sunday.
13. Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.
14. Occasionally meals off will be given during the English School. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the headwaiter, but we assume that in accepting a waiting contract you plan to wait on at every meal. You will be required to hire a substitute approved by the dietitian and at your expense if it is necessary for you to leave but impossible for us to give you a free meal.
15. There is no tipping, usually, until the end of the session. All tips are collected and divided evenly among the waiters.

16. Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their own use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal-time use only.)
17. Courtesy and efficiency are most important.
18. Remember: This dining hall is to be run as an inn; it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be properly served. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiter; not the customer. Uncooperative guests will be dealt with, but do not attempt to take matters into your own hands.
19. The head waiter can not and will not cover up for anyone doing an unsatisfactory job. He will, however, tell you if he notices any faults or if any are called to his attention. The head waiter will be glad to help in any way he can with the problems pertaining to the job.
20. Any visitors eating in the dining room must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.

SERVING PROCEDURE

1. Be at stations as guests enter dining hall.
2. Enter dining hall from kitchen only through center door; exit through right-hand door.
3. Serve food from the left; beverages, from the right. Take off plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach for plates.
4.
 - a. Wait until ALL guests at a given table are finished with their previous course before bringing the next one. (Exceptions: when a guest requests that he be served before the others and when some of those at a table were ^{very} late arrivals.)
 - b. Do not remove silverware or side dishes from a guest's place until he is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking his plate, rather than snatching it away the minute ^{he} has set his fork down.
 - c. Be sure always to ask the table if they wish seconds (see #11). Then, whatever their answer, when they are done you will know that they are completely done. Clear all bread, butter, jam, , milk, etc. at the end of the main course. That will save you time later.
 - d. At the end of the meal you are perfectly within your rights to clear the place of the individual as soon as he is finished eating completely. If he wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are very nearly all finished, for then others at the table may well feel rushed.
 - e. If there is any question in your mind about what he wants, ask the guest.
 - f. If the customer is belligerent or unnecessarily uncooperative, see the head waiter, and he will take care of it. But remember, as far as any waiter is concerned, the guest is always right (whether he is, in fact, or not.) If you do not think he is right, never take it upon yourself to correct him, for then you jeopardize your position as waiter. The head waiter will do his best to take care of it with the guest or dietitian.

- f. Efficiency must never be at the expense of absolutely correct dining hall conduct and etiquette regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve.
 - g. Six dinners or eight luncheons is the maximum to be carried on a tray at one time.
5. Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Stay by your stations. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your set-ups for the next meal.
 6. No substitutions are available for the food being served.
 7. Milk is not^{to} be served in large iced-tea glasses (some will request that.) Seconds are available on request.
 8. Coffee is served in warm cups from the kitchen, with cream in individual creamers. When bringing coffee from the kitchen, keep saucers and cups separate on the tray to prevent sloppy-looking saucers. (Hot coffee is served only at breakfast and evening dinner.)
 9. Hot tea is served in individual tea pots with lemon on a side dish.
 10. Seconds will be served on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are served by pitcher. (Run hot water into pitcher before filling it with coffee and carry a napkin to catch any dripping from the spout.)
 11. Check kitchen before asking if anyone wishes second helpings; be sure always to ask the table if anyone wishes seconds.
 12. No seconds on dessert will be served.
 13. Untouched butter, rolls, bread, salad dressing, juices, etc. (not gravy, and lettuce only if free of salad dressing) should not be discarded but returned as soon as possible after the table has been cleared to the kitchen.
 14. Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dish washers can finish their work more quickly.
 - a) Scrape and stack plates according to size.
 - b) Separate silverware--large spoons should be kept separate from teaspoons for instance.
 - c) Empty all liquids into a few glasses or a pitcher to speed up the process of clearing trays in the kitchen.
 - d) Remove tea bags from tea pots and empty the tea or hot water into glasses or cups for faster emptying in the kitchen.
 - e) Be sure that ash trays are wiped clean at the end of the meal.
 - f) Roll paper doilies and napkins together for economy of space on the tray.
 15. Do not stack clean plates or silver on dirty trays with dirty dishes. Do not stack untouched food on the same trays with food or china for disposal, either. Do not re-use set-ups which were not used. Reset the whole table.
 16. Wipe your tables with a wet sponge before setting up. (It is handy, often, to have a sponge at your station during the meal, but do not leave sponges out at stations between meals.)
 17. Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, sponges, at stations between meals.

18. Set up for the next meal at the end of each meal. Check the kitchen menu to know what silver is required.
19. Be sure to keep a careful check on sugar, salts and peppers, and candles. Candle wax should be melted off (washed off) only in the sink designated for that purpose.
20. Wash trays on each trip to the kitchen if necessary, and always at the end of the meal.
21. At breakfast, serve beverages right away. Many people must have their coffee for survival.
22. Muffins at breakfast are served only on order and are kept in warming oven until ordered. Toast, coffee cake, cereal, eggs, etc., are served by order from the kitchen.
23. Place mats are used at supper and on Sunday noon.
24. Specific procedures for each meal will be explained at initial waiters' meeting.

KITCHEN PROCEDURES

1. Treat the people in the kitchen courteously and cooperate with them completely. Remember, they have their jobs to do too. If you help them, they will help you.
2. Other kitchen procedures will be explained at the first waiters' meeting.

